

→ CHAS. McDONALD, The Tailor ←

Jan--Feb. Number, 1895.

**THE**

# High School

Contents

The Record of the Term.  
Local and Personal.  
Ciceronian Echoes.  
Editorially Speaking.  
Our Adulterated Age.  
President Chapman's Lecture.  
Applied Mathematics.  
Among Our Exchanges.  
Chauncey Depew's Experience.  
The Country Fair.  
Miscellaneous

## Quill.

PUBLISHED BY  
Pupils of Astoria High School.

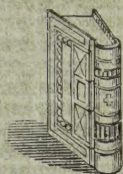
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# High School Quill.

VOL. II.

ASTORIA, OREGON, JAN.—FEB., 1895.

NO. 3.

## The Record of the Term.

Below will be found a list of the pupils standing at the head of their respective classes. The Physics and Chemistry classes have not yet finished the texts and so those studies do not appear in this report:

Highest average made by any pupil in all studies	FLORENCE TWOMBLY
Book-keeping	Nellie Utzinger
Geology	Andrew Holmes
Rhetoric	May Utzinger
Political Economy	Violet Bowlby
English Literature	Bertha Goulter
Physical Geography	John Jeffers
Sallust	Alfred Cleveland
Plane Geometry	Florence Twombly
General History I	Roscoe Cassell
Civil Government	Benj. Marion
Algebra I	Arthur Dow
Algebra II	May Utzinger
Caesar, Beginning	May Utzinger
Caesar, Advanced	Katie Sinnott
Latin Lessons	John Jeffers
Solid Geometry	Floyd Dement
Higher Arithmetic	Arthur Dow
General History II	Maud Stockton

The work of the term, on the whole, was well done.

The conditions necessary to pass any branch on honor were:

No tardiness; literary work satisfactorily done; course of reading (requiring one book a month) completed; perfect deportment; not more than three days absence and that for sickness only; an average in their daily work of 87 per cent or over.

Under these conditions the following students "passed on honor," in the

studies opposite their names:

Florence Twombly, Algebra, General History, Rhetoric, Plane Geometry and English Literature.

John Jeffers, Higher Arithmetic, Civil Government, Physical Geography and Algebra.

Andrew Holmes, Caesar, Plane Geometry, English Literature, Geology.

Sigfred Young, Caesar, Plane Geometry, English Literature, Geology.

Katie Sinnott, Caesar, Plane Geometry, English Literature, Geology.

Amy Holmes, Algebra, Caesar, General History, English Literature.

Lizzie Busey, Higher Arithmetic, Algebra, Physical Geography.

Carl Knutsen, General History, Plane Geometry, Book-keeping.

Bertha Goulter, Algebra, General History, English Literature.

Nellie Girding, Higher Arithmetic, Algebra, General History.

Arthur Dow, Higher Arithmetic, Civil Government, Algebra.

May Utzinger, Algebra, General History, Caesar, Rhetoric.

Roscoe Cassell, Algebra, Rhetoric, General History, Caesar.

Nellie Utzinger, General History and Book-keeping.

Nell Carnahan, General History, Plane Geometry.

George Ohler, Algebra, General History.

Maud Stockton, Plane Geometry.

Annie Leahy, Civil Government.

May Morgan, Algebra, Rhetoric.



Bessie Ross, Higher Arithmetic.  
Ethel Blinn, General History.  
Violet Bowlby, Geology.

\* \* \*

### Local and Personal.

"I think it's mean, I'm never in the paper."—Corinne.

The leading question just now is, "Did you pass?"

Mr. Edwin Hobson enjoyed the holidays at Clatsop.

During examination: "When may we be excused?"

Ornamented cakes a speciality at the Oregon Bakery.

Miss Violet Bowlby spent the holidays in Portland.

Just received, a fine lot of choice teas at Howell and Ward's.

There *were* 10 prospective graduates. But after examinations *there are* 6.

Go to Ekstrom's for a fine line of watches, clocks and jewelry.

Some of the students that passed on 74 $\frac{3}{4}$  and a gift will work a little harder next term.

300 boxes of apples from 50 cents to \$1 per box at Howell and Ward's.

The monthly essays of the graduating class are in and are said to be very creditable.

For a fine line of Clothing, Furnishing Goods, etc., go to P. A. Stokes.

Miss Maud Stockton was absent a few days last week on account of a severe cold.

Ladies and Gents underwear made to order at Sing Lung's Japanese Bazaar.

Miss Alice Lindahl went home for the Christmas vacation, and had a very pleasant visit.

For the finest Photographs go to Edward's gallery, at Moore's old stand.

Geni Lewis, '96, has entered Miss Warren's private school, from which she graduates in June.

There is some talk of having a graduating class in January '96, and regularly twice a year thereafter.

Herman Planting, '96, has accepted a position with George and Barker and is now hard at work at shorthand.

Violet Bowlby was absent from school some days recently owing to the death of her grandfather at Forest Grove.

Question in our recent examination: "What are the three elements in writing?" Neal's reply: "Pen, ink and paper."

When in need of Groceries, Flour, Feed, Fruits, Vegetables, Crockery, or Glass and Plated Ware, go to A. V. Allen's.

It is reported that Cecil will write a book entitled, "Low marks in book-keeping, or why I wanted to leave school."

Sarah Smalley, '97, had to leave school on account of sickness at home. She expects to keep up her work and return next year.

For Boys' and Young Men's clothing, go to Osgood's, the One Price Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher, and save from 16 $\frac{2}{3}$  to 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  per cent.

Some students were evidently surprised when they found out they could not pass on honor." They had their names on "the list."

John McCue, '93, was home shaking hands with his many friends during vacation. He reports that he likes his work very much at Monmouth.

The new text books adopted by the Board are a great deal better than the ones displaced and are giving excellent satisfaction to teachers and students.

Miss Amelia Gannon, a pupil of the Portland H. S., formerly of the A. H. S., spent the holidays in Astoria. She was heartily welcomed by her old friends.

The entertainment given by the Shively school recently was well attended and creditably rendered. The proceeds were sufficient to start a nice school library.

The demand for more help on his father's farm at Long Beach, Wash., called Fred Lidberg, '99, from school this term. He expects to be with us again next year.

Among those who attended the State Institute from this city were Principals Wright, Jackson, Clarke and Williams and the Misses Dealey. They report a profitable session.

A number of the Students who entered in the Business course have recently changed to the Scientific or Latin courses. We congratulate them upon their wisdom shown in doing so.

In the examination in Reticor the pupils were required to write at least a page on "The Trials of a High School Student." Any of us ought to be able to write a whole book on this subject.

The prospective graduates are being put through the usual trying preliminaries to graduation by Prof. Wright. A certain amount of original work, essay writing, etc., is required of each candidate.

Allen Anderson, '96, has gone to his home at Melville to look after the farm interests. He leaves behind him in A. H. S. a record worthy of the student that he is. Such students as Allen are missed when they leave us.

Misses Nettie Tuttle and Laura Fox spent their vacation in Portland. We are sorry that Laura had to give up her school work on account of trouble with her eyes. We trust the difficulty is only temporary and she may soon be one among us.

The City Teacher's Association meets in the High School building Saturday, Feb. 16.

We learn that the Athletic club will give a public entertainment March 5, in their club hall.

Our Football team has been reorganized, and with sufficient practice the boys will be able to play a good game.

Some High School students, who visited Chinatown during the Chinese New Year, had a chance to see the effects of opium upon those who use it.

A. B. Dalgity, '94, is in school again this term taking a course of Trigonometry. Andrew hasn't ceased to be a student and his familiar smile brings up fresh memories of "ye olden time."

Parent: "Well my boy, this is a nice map you have drawn; who helped you with it?"

Johnny: "Nobody sir."

Father: "Now Johnny, didn't your teacher help you?"

Johnny: "No sir; she did it all."

Owing to the generosity of our liberal and genial merchants, Foard & Stokes, the schools of the city are now supplied with Patriotic Song books. These books are greatly appreciated by both teachers and pupils and the hills and vales resound with patriotic melody(?)

There will be 6 (?) graduates this year which is one more than the total number of the two former classes, '93 and '94. Four of these are of the business or 2 years course. It shows there is an increased demand among the young for a business education. It is two years well spent.

Because of the more than ordinary completeness of our courses, the board has decided to make the English and Latin courses four instead of three years as has been here-to-fore. Any student, whether he takes the extra year or not, will be reminded of it one way or the other, when he is thrown upon the world to gain his livelihood.



Seventeen pupils graduated from the McClure Grammar school last term and fifteen of them are now enrolled in A. H. S. Their names are: Sophia Anderson, Ida Gustafson, Clara Simpson, Janey Douglas, Edith Andrews, Daisy Hill, Esther Carlson, Ella Powell, Reba Hobson, Annie Nowlen, Donald Ross, Fred Lidberg, Neal Gearhart, Win Crosby, Terry McKean.

The question with Oregon colleges just now seems to be, "what shall we do with inter-collegiate football?" The question in the East is, "what will inter-collegiate football do with the colleges?" Why not adopt the Association game, which is a better one for exercise, more interesting to the observer, and without the brutal features that characterize the inter-collegiate game.

The Teachers' Institute held Jan. 17 to 19 in the city was well attended and resulted in much good. Besides the ordinary program prepared for such occasions, Supt. Lyman had arranged a course of lectures by Pres. Chapman of the State University on Shakspeare's works—Macbeth, Hamlet, Lear. In another place in this issue may be found a brief summary of these masterly characterizations. To those permitted to hear these lectures it is unnecessary to say that it was a masterly presentation of the master of literature. Any one, after hearing them, must be able better to understand and read human nature as well as to appreciate the frailties and sins of the world. Human nature was much the same then as now, and Pres. Chapman's pointed and apt allusions and applications to our present national problems, showed a broad and clear knowledge of public affairs. Contact with such minds as the Doctor's is elevating, and educating. He has many friends and admirers in this city and all expect an educational treat when he comes among us, and are not disappointed.

## Ciceronian Echoes.

Cecil Sovey—"By Jove."

Renewed life in our Society. May it last.

We now have an excellent choir. They are arranging to have Mrs. Crosby train them once a week.

There is evidently a lack of interest in our society meetings. Perhaps it would be a good idea to give another social. Our treasury needs it.

This question was asked by Miss Weed last Friday afternoon after the debate: "What tree is in a debate?" "Lemon," answered Lester Busey.

Our newly elected society officers are as follows:

President.....	George Ohler
Vice President.....	Bert Ross
Secretary.....	Sigfred Young
Censor.....	Frances Holden
Treasurer.....	Loring Stinson
Chorister.....	Reba Hobson
Marshall.....	Floyd Dement
Pianist.....	Edwin Hobson

We would like to suggest to the Society officers that if there is a tendency to shirk duty on the part of members, that the fault is partly with the officers themselves. The rules of the Society, our Constitution and By-Laws are not enforced; there is lack of spirit on the part of those elected to the positions of trust. With the new term let us begin anew and do the school and our own organization credit.

No doubt the repairing now being done on our building is needed, but the pounding and hauling and falling of timbers and rattling of bricks and boards are not conducive to good school work, in fact it greatly hinders and annoys. Besides this the mud has become so plentiful that to step off the walks means almost to be lost to the world. But we all recognize the fact that a good, solid foundation is essential to endurance, and so are willing to be patient.



## High School Quill.

[Entered at the Astoria Post Office as Second Class Matter.]

Editor in Chief.....VIOLET BOWLBY, '95  
First Assistant.....NETTIE TUTTLE, '95  
Second Assistant.....WILFRED CURTIS, '95  
Business Manager...A. A. CLEVELAND Jr, '94

The QUILL is published monthly during the school year in the interest of general education.

Teachers or students and all others interested in higher education are requested to contribute any matter of general interest relating to public schools.

All articles for publication should be sent to the publisher by the 5th of each month.

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Five copies - 20 "	" \$1.00
Ten copies - 35 "	" 1.75

### Editorially Speaking.

A new term, the last of the year.

Over 70 students enrolled this term.

What shall we accomplish? What we labor for.

Why not the boys in the High School adopt a school cap to be worn regularly?

We will be glad to receive any subscriptions not yet paid. Never too busy for that you know.

What about those class organizations? If any one will give us the motto af '95 we'll gladly give it room in next issue.

Examinations are past, the battle over, some are conquerors, some are conquered. Present defeat may be made future victory.

We overheard a R. R. agent say the other day that there is more rejoicing over one passenger that pays his fare than ninety nine that travel on passes. So to the student. There is more reward in one original thought than many gotten without effort..

In getting wisdom let us also get control of our tongues. Someone has said that by the time a rumor flies around the corner it becomes a lie.

The students ought to contribute more items to the QUILL than they do. They should remember the editors have as much work to do as any of them.

The examinations are over and the last five months of the year are before us. Let us work with a will this term, and there will be more names on the roll of honor, and more on the list of "passed."

Some of our locals this issue may be somewhat late in appearing but owing to the great amount of work attending the close of the term, examination, etc., we were unable to get out the January number and so have combined the January-February numbers. We will try to be on time hereafter.

What a vast amount of energy is wasted during a five months' term of school. We let precious hours pass unused and then at the close of the term take a spasm of labor upon ourselves to meet the examination. It doesn't pay. Strength of mind does not come that way. It comes through daily effort, earnest endeavor to master the work in hand; this done, and the results will tell in original thought, and grasp of principles such as no examination can bring out. Besides that is not the purpose of an examination, it is at best but a test of work and not a training process.

Room, room! This is the constant cry in the High School. We are now crowded into a part of the McClure building which is needed to accommodate the grammar school pupils which belong in that school. To meet the demands of the school more room is essential to good work. There is now not seating capacity for those in attendance unless we use the laboratory, which at times is filled with such noisy

fumes as to be heard two stories below. If we cannot this year have our new building, why not add another story to the play-rooms?

It is a surprise to us as students that the Oregonian, the greatest paper in Oregon and the North Pacific coast, opposes state aid to a State University. If no other nation on the earth pursued a similar plan it would be no argument against the policy of our governments all over this broad land to furnish the means for the higher education of their citizens. Ours is a government founded upon the intelligence of citizenship. Without this our very prosperity will but hasten our downfall. What a near-sighted policy it would be, what a spectacle indeed, for this growing commonwealth of Oregon, to withdraw its support from the very corner stone upon which it stands. Let it be not useless waste of money by establishing a half dozen so called Normal schools over the state, but one first class Normal and a State University, economically managed, thoroughly equipped and loyally supported.

It is with great pleasure indeed that we are able to make the following statement:

Prof. Wright reports having made arrangements with the State University whereby graduates from the Latin course in the High School receive 51 credits and graduates of the Scientific course 46 credits, in that institution. The required number of credits necessary to graduation in the University is 98. 48 credits admit one to the Sophomore year. Thus it will be seen that A. H. S. graduates enter the Sophomore year with 3 credits to spare. The change in our course of study makes this possible. Astoria ought to be proud of having an institution of higher education whose work is recognized by all the leading schools on the coast, and thus saving to Astoria much more money than the school costs, to say

nothing of the credit and advantages that comes to a city from the presence of the High School in our midst.

There is a tendency on the part of some students to take a wrong view of their work. It is poor policy, to say nothing of the spirit of the student, to spend valuable time in school and out in idleness. The work done during the term ought to measure the standing of a student, wholly. Effort, and not examination marks, should promote. The old proverb that "the smith by smithing becomes a smith" is true and it often happens that the most earnest, faithful pupil cannot remember so well as one of much less studious habits, but it is the training, the thinking done for one's self during the term should be rewarded, and not a spasmodic effort at an examination which at best is but a sorting of dry bones. Students often fail to realize that the results of an education are not in completing a certain number of text books on various subjects, but the development of our power to think for ourselves, the unfolding of the mind by patient, persistent effort.

The relative length of our English words presents a most marked contrast, being from one to nearly 30 letters. As a rule, however, words of excessive length are not used by the best authors except incidentally. Even Shakespeare, who could portray the passions so clearly, was not compelled to resort to their use. Nor did Irving, whose works represent typical American style, depend upon their use, but gave preference to words containing, on an average, a little less than 5 letters. Those of Shakespeare contained an average of a little over 4. Words of from 15 to 27 are exceptional. The nine following words said by the "Student" to be the longest in the English language, are seldom seen in general literature and as they may be of interest are here given: Subconstitutionalist, incompre-



hensibility, philoprogenitiveness, honorificabilitudinity, anthropophagenarian, disproportionableness, velocipedestrianistical, proantitransubstantiationalist, transubstantiationableness.

Upon the recommendation of the teachers the Board at their last meeting changed our High School course from three years to four years. The change doubtless was an urgent one and one that brings us in line with the leading High Schools on the coast as well as East. From our exchanges we glean that almost every school represented has four years in which to complete no more work than we have thus far been required to do in three. The change will permit better, broader and more thorough work on the part of both pupils and teachers. The course of study has also been revised to meet the demands of the change of time. Some new studies have been added; some special review work in the higher grammar branches arranged for; the time allowed for Chemistry, Physics, Rhetoric, Literature and probably some other branches, extended to a full year. While the time required for us to complete the course is made one third longer than for merly, yet there is no doubt but what in almost every light in which we can consider it, our course of study is strengthened, broadened, and we are now on an equality with our co-workers in other High Schools.

★ ★ ★

Not one of the class, not even me  
Could through the lesson of Chemistry  
see;

We studied, we pondered, we read  
through and through,  
Yet of Chlorine very little we knew.

However in the class in experiment  
work.

Not one of us four our duty did shirk;  
From Sulphuric acid and salt and  
Mn O<sub>2</sub>

Great volums of noxiu Cl gas flew.

We knew of its presence because it did  
serve

To nearly demolish each olfactory  
nerve;

Nettie took much N H<sub>3</sub>, Herman per-  
haps more,

While Violet deftly made for the door.

But later we decided to know Chlorine  
by test,

If the most excruciating is, may be,  
the best.

[Dedicated to Mr. Herman Planting.

★ ★ ★

### Our Adulterated Age.

"Placid I am, content, serene,

I take my slab of gypsum bread,  
And chunks of oleomargarine

Upon its tasteless sides I spread.

"The egg I eat was never laid

By any cackling feathered hen;  
From the Lord knows what 'tis made  
In Newark by unfeathered men.

"I wash my simple breakfast down  
With fragrant chicory so cheap;

Or with the best black tea in town  
Dried willow leaves I calmly steep.

"But if from man's vile arts I flee

And drink pure water from the pump,

I gulp down infusoriae,

And hidious rotatoriae,

And wriggling polygastricae,

And slimpy diatomaceae,

And hard-shelled orphrocercinae,

And double-barrelled kolpodaе,

Non-loricated ambrociæ,

And various animalculæ;

Of middle, high and low degree;

For nature just beats all creation

In multiplied adulteration."

—The Sanitarian.

★ ★ ★

For Boys' and Young Men's clothing,  
go to Osgood's, the One Price Clothier,  
Hatter and Furnisher, and save from  
16½ to 33½ per cent.



## President Chapman's Lecture,

[Following are some notes from Pres. Chapman's Lecture on Higher Education.]

The principal arguments against higher education are, "Cannot afford it," and "business men do not need it."

The average business man succeeds if at all, between the age of 45 and 60, while statistics show that the college man succeeds if at all between 35 and 45.

This shows a gain of fifteen years of time in favor of the college man and, at a moderate estimate, a considerable gain also in dollars and cents. No one, then can afford to stay away from college if he wishes to succeed.

Only five per cent. of the business men are successful; the majority of lawyers are successful, at least to the extent of earning a comfortable living. Why? Because of the discipline of the higher education. It is unfortunate for a man to go into business without this discipline of a liberal education.

Rich men show their estimate of the higher education by their gifts. Rockefeller has given fifteen million dollars, to prove the value he sets upon it. Stanford gave much more.

What is the higher education? It is the power to think and the power to express one's self. The power to make combinations in the mind correctly is the most essential to business success. The inability to use the English language correctly and skillfully is one cause of lack of success in business:

Comparing education to a banquet, power to think and power to express thought are the bread and meat—

learning is the rest of the feast.

To a man who never reads nor thinks, life can mean no more than to horses and cows.

★ ★ ★

## Applied Mathematics.

"A straight line in morals, as in mathematics, is the shortest distance between two points."

Brain work oozing out at the fingers, interpreted by the tongue to a critical preception, may be said to define much of our mathematical work in school.

Axioms, rules, and formulae vex the brain and come haltingly from the tongue, however faithfully the mind has pondered over them. Have not many of these combinations, these dry rules, their correspondences in our lives? At this time of change in our school work when many are called to go up one step and gladly obey, let us take more than an arithmetical or algebraic view of a few mathematical concepts.

"The whole is equal to the sum of all its parts."

Has not this a doubly figurative application? Success in any study is the sum of daily lessons conscientiously and faithfully learned, nothing more, assuredly nothing less. By success is meant so thorough a knowledge of the subject that in more advanced work it can be used promptly as an efficient aid without wasting time to look up just the information needed.

"A sphere is bounded by a curved surface every point of which is equally distant from a point within, called the



centre."

We hear frequently now-a-days the expression, "He is an all around man." Such a man's sphere of knowledge does not bulge out into mountains in the region of mathematics, descend into the deepest and gloomiest valleys in the domain of language and exhibit swampy areas in the field of science, while the whole is flattened at the "polls." On the contrary one who wishes a systematical, evenly trained mind will double his intellectual energy on subjects he does not happen to like, thereby increasing both his knowledge and his love for that which was disliked.

"All is in all," is an educational axiom. In the most elementary sense the thoughtful student will perceive how truly one study contains something of all others and all are mutually helpful.

W.

★ ★ ★

### Among Our Exchanges.

"A bore is a man who spends so much time talking about himself that you can't talk about yourself.—Eli Perkins.

"You are as full of airs as a music-box," is what a young man said to a girl who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."

A little boy was taken down the harbor by his father, and saw for the first time a large steamer towed by a puffing little tug, with an immense hawser connecting the two. "Oh, papa, papa!" he shouted in excitement. "See! The big boat has the little one by the tail; and he's a-squealing!"

Many new exchanges from all parts of the United States have reached our table since our last issue. Some of them are models of neatness in appearance and the matter contained is good.

The *Oracle*, of Melden, Mass., has one of the most artistic covers that reaches us.

The *Panorama*, of Providence, is artistic both inside and out.

The *Pence*, of New Haven, though a good paper, could be improved by a simpler dress.

The *Bulletin*, of Eugene, is now a regular and welcome visitor.

The *Aegis*, of Oakland, Cal., has the honor of worthily representing a school which occupies one of the finest buildings in the country. The new High School building was recently completed at a cost of \$175,000.

Others worthy of mention are the *Voice*, Chicago; the *Courant*, Freeport, Ill.; *High School Item*, Dorchester, Mass. *High School Amateur*, Beverly, Mass., and the *Dial*, La Crosse, Wis.

The "Pathfinder" of Washington, D. C., recently offered a valuable prize for the best definition of History. Out of 675 definitions received, the following were selected as those of most merit. The one printed first received the first prize. There was quite a dispute over the merits of the first two, but the first finally prevailed. We print some of them in this issue, as they will be of great value to any student or teacher for reflection in otherwise unoccupied moments:

History is the record of action or state in the Universe, in all time past, whether evidenced by the artificial writings of man, by his relics, or by natural phenomena.

History is Time's negative. Looking at it, it is the mirror of the past. Looking through it, the lens of the future.

History is the record of past and present actions which have had, or are having, a bearing upon the welfare of man.



The struggle of humanity with its environment, as recorded by events.

A record of the influence of great men.

The Footprints of the Human Family.

A looking glass. It enables us, in looking backward, to see forward.

Embers from the camp-fires of the ages.

The embalmed body of the past world.

Events are amber beads, history the silken cord upon which they are strung. Break the cord, the beads will be scattered—some will be broken; many will be lost. Destroy history and the exact knowledge of most events would soon lapse into tradition, or fade into utter oblivion.

A window through which we see the world in perspective, the vanishing point being the beginning, the figures growing more indistinct as they approach it.

The diary of ages.

The mirror in which men see what men have been and men may be.

The lamp that leads us through the echoing aisles of the ages.

One of the lamps of learning which sheds her brilliant rays of knowledge in the dark avenues of the past.

Earth's recording angel of life.

A Microscope, enabling us to discern the minute details of the past—a Telescope, with which we may discover distant results in the future.

History is the biography of men; the autobiography of man.

History—the world's autobiography.

An interesting story of 'what fools these mortals be.'

The hearsay of the world that is worth repeating.

The biography of the human race; the record of what man has thought, attempted, achieved; the sum total of human experience which the present inherits from the past.

The progress of the inner life of man,

manifested by outward struggle.

The following was a School-boy's Jumble:

Rameses, Alexander. Cambyses and Leander,

The Pharaohs of old Egypt and the kings of Israel too;

Darius, Shalmaneser, Nero, Brutus and Caesar,

Commodus, (he's a teaser!)—what can a fellow do?

Diana of Ephesians, Aurelians, Diocletians,

The gods of Mount Olympus—Aurora for the dawn—

Euterpe and her sister, with a lot of other mystery

Make up confounding history—as far as I have gone.

★ ★ ★

### Chauncey Depew's Experience.

When I graduated from Yale, I thought I would lead a life of scholastic ease. I thought I would read and write a little, take it easy and have a good time. I had a hard hearted old father of a sturdy Holland Dutch ancestry. He had money enough to take care of me, and I knew it; and when he discovered that I knew it and intended to act accordingly, it was a cold day for me: "You will never get a dollar from me except through my will. From this time forth you have got to make your own way." Well, I found I had a hard lot of it—nobody had a harder one—and the old gentleman stood by and let me fight it out. I bless him to-night with all my heart. If he had taken the other course, I would have been up in Peekskil to-night nursing a stove, cursing the men who had succeeded in the world and wondering by what exceptional luck they got on. But having to dig my way along, I got beyond anything my father ever dreamed of but it was done by fourteen or sixteen or eighteen hours work a day, if necessary. It was done by temperance, by economy. When




you make a dollar, spend seventy-five cents and put the other twenty-five by in safe-keeping.—Ex.

★ ★ ★

[The subject assigned by Professor Wright to the Seniors for their last Essay, was a picture of a Country Fair, clipped from a publisher's catalogue. Many of the productions were worthy of special notice. Below is inserted one which will be read with interest.]

## The Country Fair.

YING on the table before me is a little picture representing a trotting race at a Country Fair.

To many it may seem simple and homely, but to me it is beautiful, for the rude buildings and long front street, crowded with eager, excited people; the farmers in their high, old fashioned hats, puffing their pipes, and the women in their quaint, old fashioned gowns and poke bonnets, recall similar scenes in my boyhood days. My boyhood was spent in a little New England village, where the most important event next to Thanksgiving and the Fourth of July, was the Fair.

It was held in early summer, just after school closed for the summer vacation. I attended the typical little brown school house which Whittier and other poets have immortalized. I do not remember that I was fond of study but I do remember that I was always so eager to start for school, that I had scarcely time to do my morning chores, and although I always started full half an hour early, and had only to go across the common, I never arrived at school till the last tap of the master's bell was growing faint. And I was so reluctant about going home

at night I sometimes did not arrive till supper time. That did not happen often though, for father naturally concluded I had put a bent pin in some other boys seat, or had committed some other grave misdemeanor for which I had been kept in, and often I did not think it wise to enlighten him in regard to the exact state of affairs, so went to bed supperless. As the days began to grow long, and the sky took on that clear, intense blue we boys grew very restless, and began to wonder if "it was'nt about time for the Fair."

One morning like an electric shock the whisper goes around the school, "Bill Jenkins said he seen Pete a'hauling lumber down to the common fer the stalls." Now this common was the location for the fair, and a thick grove of maple was between it and the school house.

This was so aggravating, for we boys had a deep and intense interest in the "Fair" especially in the erection of the booths and stalls. And to have to sit in school mumbling over that horrid spelling lesson and hear the thud of the hammer and the voices of the workmen, but not able to see what was going on, was almost more than human nature could endure, boy nature, at least. All our spare time was spent watching the progress of the workmen. With our feet planted wide apart and our hands deep in our pockets, we critically surveyed the work. I don't think any child in Chicago was prouder of the perfect buildings in the beautiful White City, than we were of those crude, awkward structures. And during that exciting time we did not have a single day of vacation.



We would even be sent on errands after school. I remember my grandmother giving me a stick of peppermint candy if I would go on an errand to Simpkin's farm for her. I started, but on crossing the common met some boys full of some exciting project, and anxious for me to join them. While trying to solve the problem how to do two things at once, I discovered Sally, my sister. I immediately called her and made this proposition to her—That I, generous hearted boy that I was, would give her one half of my stick of candy if she would do my errand. So the dear little soul trudged off, her half stick of candy carefully wrapped in her handkerchief, probably to be divided with some less fortunate child, (who did not have a generous brother like she had,) while I sucked my half, comfortably seated on the fence.

Day by day the buildings grew, and the school term neared its close.

At last the "last day" arrived and we carried our books home that evening so happy and excited. We were not content with simply walking, but must go with a hop, skip and jump. We went to bed early that evening with our clothes carefully placed on a box, so that we might jump into them as quickly as possible. We also tied a long string from the toe of each one of us boys on to Bob's in the other room. Bob always waked early and fed the horses before breakfast, and we used the string to avoid any partiality he might show in awakening one of us before he did the other. By this means he could not move without jerking each equally. But on that morning we were generally awake before the

string jerked, so we nearly jerked poor Bob to pieces.

Then such rustling and hurrying around, to get our chores done, and our Sunday clothes on.

At last we were ready to start; the girls with their new ribbons and cotton gloves, and we small boys with our faces scrubbed till they were about the shade of Pete's new Bandana, and our hair plastered close to the sides of our head. The walk there seemed to take us several hours instead of minutes, so eager and excited were we.

At length we were inside the gates and all the wonders and beauties of the Fair lay before us.

It would take too long to tell of all those marvelous sights. The fat pigs, the organ grinder, the old man with his fortune wheel, the mighty cheese, the gingerbread stalls, and the pumpkins, large enough for Cinderella's coach. It was all exciting, but the last day was the most exciting one of all. On that day the trotting race was held, in which all the horses from the country round took part. The old sorrel which had been in every race and lost every race for the last eight years, and the little black one which always won. We had our favorites and waved our caps frantically when one of them trotted proudly up to the goal, far in advance of the others.

After the race was over we generally went home, tired and cross to be sure, but sorry that the Fair was now over.

'95.

★ ★ ★

He heard them kissing on the sly,  
And peeked in through the door,  
And then he cried in accents high,  
"Say, sister, what's the score?"—*Ex.*



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

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